



BEHOLD
THY MOTHER

P S
3364
.W28

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS3364 Copyright No.

Shelf. W28

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

No 35.

Copyright seen Oct 8 1864
Published Sept Oct 19 1864

Sept. 11. 1865
 1865. 11. 11.

BEHOLD THY MOTHER

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF MARYLAND.

WITH A PHOTOGRAPH OF ST. MARY AND ST. JOHN.

by George Fitzhugh Northrup

33

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY G. F. WORTHINGTON,

789 West Baltimore Street.

1864.

PS 3364
W 28

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in
the year 1864, by
GEORGE F. WORTHINGTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of
Maryland.

27530

C O N T E N T S .

Dedication,	4
Preface,	5
Greeting,	6
"Behold thy Mother,"	7
To my Mother,	9
To my Little Daughter,	12
"Thou didst turn thy face from me and I was troubled,"	13
To a Member of a Church Choir,	16
To a Relative and Friend threatened with blindness,	16
"Trust and Try," to my Little Son Hobart, ..	19
"Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth,"	21

To the Rev. H. T. H. on leaving home in search of health,.....	23
A Home—"I go to prepare a place for you,"	26
To a little Girl, on going to Daily Prayer,....	28
To a little Picture called "Joy,".....	30
" " " "Sorrow,".....	31
To a young Relative and Friend in Sorrow,...	32
The Blind Beggar,.....	33
To a little Picture—the Angel of Peace,.....	35
To a little Girl on receiving her first premium,	37
"No Night There,"	37
To Miss C. O. W.....	40
The Rich Man's Lament—"Woe unto you that are rich,"	42
The Poor Man's Consolation—"Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God,"...	44
To a poor little Girl crying in the street,.....	48
To Mary,.....	51
A Prayer,.....	51
To my little Son, on going away to School,..	53
To the Same,.....	57
To the Sexton's Daughter,.....	60
To the Guardian Angel,.....	61
Lines sent with the above Picture,.....	63
"My lovers and friends Thou hast put away from me,.....	65
Farewell,.....	67
Good-Bye,	69
To the Reader,.....	70

DEDICATION.

To ALL holy Mothers, and to their loving Sons and Daughters, and also to the dutiful Children everywhere of God, and of His Church the dear Mother of us all, this little volume is affectionately inscribed, by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Author of these unpretending verses is a disabled Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who having lost his health and property, and now finding his eye-sight failing rapidly, resorts to this little book as almost the only mode left to him of communicating pleasure and benefit beyond a very limited circle, or of adding to a very inadequate income.

The verses have been written in haste and under many other disadvantages, but they have been received with some favor by the few friends who have read them, and they are offered to the public not without a faint hope that they may prove not altogether unacceptable and unedifying to the interesting classes of readers for whom they are chiefly designed.

Any Ministers and members of the Church, and others who may feel disposed to encourage and assist him, will please forward their orders and the money to the publisher, by whom the book will be promptly sent on the following terms:—Single copy, 75 Cents. 4 copies for \$2.50. 9 for \$5.00, and 20 for \$10.00. Without Photograph, 50 Cents per copy. 5 for \$2.15 for \$5.00.

P. S. The little Pictures to which verses are addressed, viz: Joy, Sorrow, and the Angel of Peace, and also St. Mary and St. John returning from the Crucifixion and the Blind Beggar, will be furnished, when desired, with the verses printed on the back, at 25 cents each, or the five for one dollar.

GREETING.

DEAR Reader, should this Book suggest

A few good thoughts to thee,
Abundant pleasure and reward

Would it afford to me :

But God be praised, Who gives the power,
And also gives the will ;

O may He both of us inspire
To love and serve Him still.

I do not know that in this world,

We e'er shall have a meeting,
But, being both redeemed by Christ,
I offer kindly greeting :

O may the Precious One above
So bless us with His grace,

That we may surely meet in Heaven,
And see Him face to face.

“BEHOLD THY MOTHER.”

SON, “behold thy mother,”

Our blessed Saviour said,

Son, “behold thy mother,”

And He slumbered with the dead.

Son, “behold thy mother,”

Could He forget her love?

He cared for her so tenderly,

Before He went above.

Son, “behold thy mother,”

And take her to thy home:

Among the heartless ones of earth

O never let her roam.

Son, behold thy mother,

Her bosom’s aching now:

Son, do help thy mother,

There’s a furrow on her brow.

Son, behold thy mother,
Her widowed heart is broken :
Son, canst thou not comfort her ?
Let softest words be spoken !

Son, behold thy mother,
And drive away her gloom :
Son, just see thy mother !
She is hastening to the tomb.

Son, behold thy mother,
The grave is opening wide :
Son, dry up thy bitter tears,
The Son of God has died.

Son, behold thy mother,
She is sleeping, sweetly sleeping :
Son, she has gone to Jesus now,
He'll give her joy for weeping.

Son, behold thy mother,
There's a crown upon her brow :
Son, rejoice with mother,
She's more than conqueror now.

TO MY MOTHER.

“I went heavily as one that mourneth for his Mother.”

My mother most dear, I remember so well

The year, and the month, and the day,
When it pleased our dear Father who dwelleth
on high,

To send down and take thee away.

Thy love was so warm, so watchful thy care,

Thy spirit so sweet, pure, and true,
That I never can think of earth's loveliest
things

Without having thee brought to my view.

My years were so tender, my health was so
frail,

My heart had so leaned on thy love,
That I hardly could think it was kind in our
God

E'en to take thee and keep thee above.

As I walked from the house, on that darkest
of days,

With the kind friend that lead me away,
I thought of the loved one then gone to her rest,
And my heart was all filled with dismay.

If my Father were left, most tender and kind,
And sisters, and brothers, and friends;
Could I find in all these, and others combined,
For the loss of dear mother amends?

I thought not so then in life's early spring time,
When youth's brightest flowers were in
bloom ;

What must I have thought, had I look'd far
ahead,

And seen life's dark trials and gloom ?

Sweet mother ! I know, had'st thou been at
my side,

As I've toiled, grieved, and struggled along,
My work had been lighter, my heart far less
sad,

My faith much more steady and strong.

Had I held by thy hand in the days of my youth
 As I trod its most dangerous way,
 Had I heard thy sweet voice, and seen thy
 sweet smile,
 As the tempter would lead me astray:

Had'st thou followed me on to my manhood's
 full prime,
 And seen my fierce struggle with sin,
 How sickness and sorrow, bereavement and loss
 Beset me without and within:

In all of these trials, I know very well
 I could ever have looked to thy love
 To guide and to counsel, to soothe, and to
 point
 To the saints' happy home far above.

But, my mother! it had not been proper or
 kind
 To have wished thee on earth a long stay;
 I should rather rejoice that it pleased God
 so soon
 To call thy lov'd spirit away.

My life in this world is far longer than thine,
 Much greater my sorrow and pain :
 But may I not hope that these will soon end,
 And I'll meet my dear Mother again.

In that sweet world above, where friends
 never part,
 Where death our fond hearts cannot sever,
 Where parents and children together may
 dwell,
 And live on, and love on forever!



TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

SALLIE, dearest, do you know,
 Where your daily footsteps go ?
 Are you journeying up ? or down ?
 To blackest woe ? or brightest crown ?
 Only two roads can you tread,
 To the living, or the dead.
 To the place where lost ones cry,
 Or the saints' sweet home on high.
 Oh ! my dearest, watch and pray,
 That you may go the heavenward way.

"Thou didst turn Thy face from me, and I was troubled."

LET the sun cease to shine,
 And all dark be the day;
 But, oh! merciful God,
 Turn Thy face not away!

Let the friend that I loved,
 And believed without guile,
 Now reproachfully glance,
 And withhold the sweet smile:

Let sister or brother,
 Or parent most dear,
 Put on a dark frown
 Whenever I'm near.

But let not the face
 Of the Dear One above,
 Be clothed with aught else,
 But unspeakable love!

When my soul is pressed down
 With the burthen of sin.
 When the world looks all dark,
 And there's darkness within:

When I'm troubled with doubts,
And startled with fears,
When my eye-lids are dripping
With penitent tears:

When I raise up my hands,
And seek Thy sweet face,
To entreat Thee for mercy,
To beg for Thy grace;

Oh! where should I go,
Oh! what should I do,
If the face of my God
Should be turned from my view?

When life has passed by,
And I come to the grave,
With none there to pity me,
No one to save,

Oh! what would I give
For a drop of thy grace?
Oh! may I not have
One sweet smile from the face?

And in the dark day
 When all shall appear
 The sentence to death
 Or in glory to hear.

O Saviour make hear
 My prayer when I see
 Thy face then look down
 With compassion on me.

O Light of the world
 O Sun of my soul
 illumine my path
 Till I get to the goal.

Should'st Thou turn away
 Thy face how dark it would be.
 What could turn me, O Jesus
 To glory and Thee?

TO MISS M. C.

A MEMBER OF A CHURCH CHOIR.

WHEN you cease to sing here,
 May God call you up higher,
 And give you a place
 In the *heavenly* choir:

Put a song in your mouth
 Such as angels will sing,
 Through ages eternal,
 To Heaven's Mighty King.



TO MISS E. B.

A DEAR RELATIVE AND FRIEND WHO WAS
THREATENED WITH LOSS OF SIGHT.

Oh! be not distress'd, friend, and be not
 dismayed
 Let your trust on the Father of mercies be
 stayed,
 Admit not a doubt, but firmly believe,
 That the great "Son of David" can surely
 relieve.

“I am the light of the world,” He cried,
 As the blind man begged by the weary road
 side,

And the clay and Siloam’s pool had no power
 That He cannot grant at this very hour.

When the son of Timeus for mercy did crave,
 He turned not away, but His mercy He gave,
 The faith of the beggar availed to make whole,
 The disease of his body, the pangs of his soul,
 “Have mercy,” “Have mercy,” he held not
 his peace

’Till the merciful Saviour did grant him release
 ’Till He gave him “good comfort” and called
 him to rise,

And the scales of thick darkness did fall from
 his eyes.

That most skillful Physician’s not now pass-
 ing by,

And sits in bright glory enthroned in the sky,
 But He still is all love, and sends sweet relief
 When His saints are in want, or sickness or
 grief.

Then love Him, and trust Him, and bend to
His will,

And He'll pity, and succour, and comfort
you still.

If He sees that it's best He will give you your
sight,

And if not, He can bless you with heavenly
light.

Don't trouble yourself 'bout mere bodily eyes,
But most earnestly long for sweet light in the
skies.

Where you and I dwell, in this dark world
below.

There is so much of sin, and so much of woe,
That we often feel moved to look quite away,
And feast our fond gaze on Heaven's pure,
happy day.

Oh! friend, how our souls should be filled
with affright,

When we think of the blackness of death's
endless night,

And how should we pray to be wafted on
 high,
 Since all darkness must flee, when Jesus is
 nigh !
 Should we grope through this world in sorrow
 and sin,
 Thick darkness without, and corruption within,
 Let us look to the City that'll never grow old,
 Whose walls are of jasper, and streets are of
 gold,
 That has no need of a candle, nor yet of the
 sun,
 But blazes with glory of the bright Three in
 One.



TO MY LITTLE SON HOBART.
 WITH A PICTURE CALLED "TRUST AND TRY."
 "TRUST and try," my precious boy,
 "Trust and try" again ;
 All the efforts that you make
 Will not be in vain.

Our dear Saviour died for you
Hanging on the tree:
Oh! what wondrous love was that!
Could it stronger be?

If He did all this for you
When you did not ask;
Won't you always "trust and try"
However hard the task?

He is ever looking down
From His throne on high,
And will gladly succour those
Who really "trust and try."

When poor sinners look to Him,
And for His mercy cry,
He will hearken to their prayer,
And graciously reply.

When you are most sorely tried,
On His grace rely:
And you'll soon be sure to see
The wicked tempter fly.

In all your wants and troubles,
 Fix on Christ your eye,
 Gaze upon His blood-stained cross,
 And firmly "trust and try."

As you pass along through life,
 Always "trust and try:"
 Then when Jesus comes to judge,
 He'll take you up on high.



TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO PROPOSED THAT I SHOULD MAKE A PET
 OF HER LITTLE SISTER.

"Set your affections on things above, and not on things
 on the earth."

You ask me, young lady, to have a sweet pet,
 On a creature of earth my affections to set;
 Oh! you know not the error you wish me to
 make,

Nor dream of the trouble you ask me to take!

I had a sweet pet, how sweet you don't know;
 How she made all my bosom with rapture to
 glow:

But my fond heart was won, as if only to
 blight,
 And my joy was soon covered with gloomiest
 night.

Love beamed in her eye: full of grace was
 her mien,
 There was all to betoken a bright fairy queen:
 Her voice was like music, her ways all so
 sweet,
 You might fancy a seraph had strayed from
 its seat.

But beneath all this sweetness, oh! how could
 I tell,
 What a fountain of bitterest sorrow did dwell?
 This loveliest vision soon melted away,
 And my hope and my joy all turned to decay.

Death knocked, one night, at the door of my
 heart,

Oh! insatiate archer, how cruel thy dart!
 My bosom's sweet idol soon quivered and fell,
 And all earth seemed to ring with a shrieking
 death-knell.

Then how could I set my torn heart again
 On any thing here where all is so vain?
 If there's nothing secure of all that's most
 dear,
 Who would look to this world, and seek
 happiness here?

Then pardon me, do, if I turn quite away,
 From the phantom of bliss you so kindly
 display,
 And wonder not much if I fix my fond heart,
 Where joys cannot wither, and friends never
 part.



TO THE REV. H. T. H.

A DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER ABOUT TO
 LEAVE HOME IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

THOU art going from us, brother,
 But our thoughts are going too,
 And we'll follow thee with anxious care,
 While hidden from our view:

We'll think of thee when morning dawns,
And when the sun is high,
As also when the moon and stars
Are glittering in the sky.

Thou art going from us, brother,
But our hearts are going too,
And ever will be warm with love,
For one so kind and true:
Wherever thou may'st go, dear friend,
May Christian friends abound,
And make thy steps as light and glad,
As if on holy ground.

Thou art going from us, brother,
And our prayers are on the wing,
To rise with every prayer of thine,
To Heaven's Almighty King:
That every blessing for both worlds
In His unbounded store,
He'll graciously vouchsafe on thee,
And all of thine. to pour.

Thou art going from us, brother,
 In search of health : that still
 Thou may'st proclaim God's precious word,
 If it be His blessed will ;
 May it please the Great Physician,
 'The Lord of love and truth,
 To heal thy sickness, and restore
 The vigor of thy youth.

Thou art going from us, brother,
 May'st thou come to us again
 With health through all thy body,
 And in thy soul no pain :
 May He who came from heaven to earth
 To save us from all sin,
 Not only make thee whole without,
 But clean and pure within.

Should'st thou go from us, dear brother,
 And return to us no more,
 God bless thee with a passage safe
 To Heaven's most happy shore ;

And may all we who stay behind,
 And watch thee on thy way,
 Rejoin thee in triumphant joy,
 On the last awful day.

A H O M E .

“I go to prepare a place for you.”

O MOST blessed Saviour! and can it be so,
 That Thou from this earth to heaven didst go,
 To prepare a place for a sinner like me,
 That Thy bright face in glory I ever might see?

A home! A home! O comforting thought,
 With the richest of mercies and blessings how
 fraught!

A place in the skies, a sweet, happy home,
 From which no poor wanderer ever may roam.

An unchanging home! a place of sweet rest,
 Where nothing can ruffle the earth-troubled
 breast;

Where dear ones ne'er die, and never depart,
 But cling closer and firmer to every lov'd
 heart.

A most glorious home in the mansions above!
 Where the dwellers all live in unspeakable
 love,
 Where heaven's broad arches eternally ring,
 With the songs that the angels and ransomed
 shall sing.

The House of my Father, my Saviour, and
 King!
 Where all nations their glory and honor shall
 bring,
 Where night never enters, the sun need not
 shine,
 But all is effulgent with brightness divine.

O merciful Lord! can that place be for me?
 May I ever dwell there, and Thy loveliness see?
 May my wandering soul reach heaven's happy
 shore,
 And never need look for a home any more?

TO A LITTLE GIRL,

RECENTLY CONFIRMED, WHO WENT TO DAILY
EVENING PRAYER WITH ME AT ST. LUKE'S
CHURCH, BALTIMORE, JUNE 3, 1864.

DEAR little Helen, can it be
That thou wilt go to church with me ?
Turn thy back upon the throng
Passing through the streets along.
At the time when children play
After studying all the day ?
Withdraw to God's dear House of Prayer,
And join His saints who worship there ?
Dear little girl, this sight must be
Such as good angels love to see,
When they in Heaven behold God's face,
May they win for thee His grace,
That so thou e'er mayst love to come
To His House as to your home.
How could'st thou better show thy love,
To that all-gracious One above,
Who said to thee, and all like thee,
Let the children come to me ?

How could'st thou more pleasure give
To Him who died that thou might'st live?
How could'st thou more pleasure gain,
And make His death not all in vain?
That holy cross upon thy brow,
Dost thou feel its influence now?
Or that sweet baptismal wave,
Dost thou feel its power to save?
Does that cross-bought crown on high
Look bright and luscious to thine eye?
When the good Bishop came to bless;
With sacred hands thy head to press,
Didst thou discern the Holy Dove
Descending on thee from above?
Child, may the blessing soon be thine
To feast upon the Bread and Wine,
Take richest dainties from God's store,
And never thirst or hunger more:
Who would not scorn the food of swine,
When called to banquets all divine?
Where'er you go, whate'er you do,
May Christ be there to succor you,

Guide you along life's dangerous way,
 And let your footsteps never stray,
 Conduct you to His courts above,
 And bless you with his endless love.



To two little Pictures called "Joy" and "Sorrow" representing two little Girls, one of them rejoicing over a bright toy that she holds in her arms, and the other grieving over a similar toy *broken*.

“ J O Y . ”

DEAR little girl, how bright you look !
 So pleased with little toy ?
 I almost envy that sweet smile,
 And your abounding joy.

But oh ! don't set your little heart,
 On the pretty things of earth :
 They have no power to satisfy
 A child of heavenly birth.

These pleasures that now dazzle,
 And gladden for awhile,
 Have sorrow mingled with their sweets,
 And murder while they smile.

Then turn away from earth's vain toys,
 Whose pleasures soon must cease,
 And fix your heart on heaven's bright joys,
 And never-ending peace.

“ S O R R O W . ”

Poor little girl ! what troubles you ?
 So grieved about a toy ?
 I wish that you would try to smile,
 And dress your face with joy.

Such a little thing so sad,
 Life's journey just begun !
 Child, what will become of you,
 Before your race is run ?

Then drive away this sadness,
 Put on a pleasant smile,
 The sorrows of this present life
 Can only last awhile.

Pray, don't be so troubled
 About that broken toy ;
 Just think of sweetest heaven above,
 And bliss without alloy.

TO A YOUNG RELATIVE & FRIEND

Who being in sorrow turned and looked into my face,
 as we were about to fall upon our knees in Church,
 as if asking for my pity and my prayers.

PITY you! dear one: most surely I do:
 With whom should I sigh, if not such as you?
 The sight of your sorrow has touched my
 fond heart,
 And caused my deep tears unbidden to start.

Pray for you! dear one: most surely I will:
 That the storm in your bosom may cease and
 be still,
 That the clouds may disperse, the sweet sun
 may shine,
 And your sad heart run over with pleasures
 divine.

Pity you! Pray for you! Comfort you too!
 Christ will all these do for sufferers like you;
 For sinners and sad ones He's seated on high,
 To present every prayer, and hush every cry.

And "The Comforter" too, Whom He sent
from above

On an errand of peace and pity and love,
The tenderest mercy and kindness will show
To all who love Jesus, and mourn here below.

Then look to these, dearest, and dry up your
tears,

Dismiss all your doubts, and banish your fears;
The time may soon come when you will joy-
fully go

To the bright realms of bliss from this dark
world of woe.



THE BLIND BEGGAR.

I'M a poor blind man,

But what of that ?

Is there no greater woe than this ?

I may be very poor,

And never see more,

And yet run over with bliss.

If I am not rich,
My Saviour was poor,
How wretchedly poor was He!
It is surely enough
For a poor servant here
As his Master and Lord to be.

If I cannot see,
There's enough in the world
That never should meet my eyes;
I'll just wait a little,
And then how bright!
There's a plenty of light in the skies.

A very poor man,
Now seated in glory
Is beckoning to me from above:
If He'd only say so,
Like a dove I would go,
And fly to the arms of His love.

With my sight so dim,
I can still see Him,

Even while I am tarrying below:
When I reach the skies,
How these dark eyes
With glory's sweet radiance will glow!



TO A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE PICTURE
CALLED "THE ANGEL OF PEACE."

"Blessed are the peace makers."

My dearest little angel;
How I love to gaze on thee;
Thy face, thy wings, thy robes of white,
How sweet they are to me.

And not less sweet, in times like these
Is that dear name of peace;
Oh! that thy spirit might prevail,
And wars would ever cease.

Thou art a messenger from God,
The Prince of peace and love,
Could'st thou not bring a message down,
From the blessed world above,

That men should lay their armor by ;
And stop this dreadful strife,
That they should act like brothers now,
And spare each other's life ?

If not, then fly to battle fields
Where life's red current flows,
And try to heal the wounded heart,
And give it sweet repose.

Then off to those ten thousand homes
Where loved one's can't return
And soothe with thy sweet ministry
The countless hearts that mourn.

And tell them all that Jesus bled,
And died that they might live,
And carry them the sweetest balm
"The Comforter" can give.

O dearest little angel,
Sweet messenger of peace,
Give joy to troubled spirits now,
And let it never cease!

LINES

Sent with a picture called "Blessed are the pure in heart"
to a sweet little girl who had just received her first premium at school.

'Tis well, little darling!
Thy teachers approve:
Be pure and be true,
And Jesus will love.

From sin and from sorrow
Thy life be all free:
O merciful Saviour
Receive her to Thee!



"NO NIGHT THERE."

Composed as the shades of night were giving place to the
light of day, by one whose eye sight is fast failing and
who earnestly longs for the light and glory of eternal
day.

No NIGHT! No night!
Will it always be light?
Nothing harsh to the sight,
But all beauteous and bright?

Never dull ! never dark !
All as gay as the lark !
No dawning of day
To chase night away !
No day-light declining,
But the sun always shining !
No stars and no moon,
But all brilliant as noon !
No danger of harm !
No startling alarm !
No fires and no theft !
Of no slumber bereft !
No clouds and no rain !
No sickness, no pain !
No soul-wearing sorrow !
No dread for to morrow !
No doubts and no fears !
No sighs and no tears !
No dark-clouded eyes !
No pangs and no cries !
No load of hard care
The spirit to wear !
No dreadful despair

The heart-strings to tear !
The eye of Faith clear,
Undimmed by a tear !
Things dreamed of before
Now seen evermore !
Hope grown to joy
That never can cloy !
Fruition most blest
On that bright day of rest !
No Love scant and cold,
And soon waxing old !
But love ever glowing !
And love ever growing !
No need more of asking
In Heaven's sunlight basking !
But prayer turned to praise
And thanking always !

O City e'er new !
Transporting to view !
With my lamp ever burning,
To thy joys ever turning ;
May I walk never old
On your pavements of gold,

With God's glory to lighten,
 With the Lamb's light to brighten?

O Day of all days,
 With glory ablaze!
 May my soul ever gaze
 On thy life-giving rays?

O God of all might,
 So pure and so bright!
 It can never be night
 Where Christ is the light.
 O my soul's brilliant sun!
 Is life's work almost done?
 O Saviour most dear!
 Is that day drawing near?



TO MISS C. O. W.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

DEAR Charlotte, I am fifty now,
 And you are "sweet sixteen;"
 When first we met, we were not quite
 As old as this, I ween.

You were a very little girl,
When I took you in my arms,
And begged our blessed Saviour Christ,
To shield you from all harms.

I drew upon your infant brow
The sign of His dear Cross;
O may you, for the love of Christ,
Count all things else but loss !

May He who loved you so well then,
And took you to His fold,
Go with you through life's pilgrimage,
And bless you when you're old.

Or should He choose to call you hence
And give you early rest,
May you join sweet sisters gone before,
On your Saviour's loving breast !

THE RICH MAN'S LAMENT.

“Woe unto you that are rich.”

I WISH I was a poor man,
How happy I should be !
How many of the ills of life
Would be unknown to me !

I cannot bear this riches,
The worthless hateful stuff !
I wonder when I hear men say
That they have not enough.

It is no sort of use to me
While here on earth I stay :
And what am I to do with it
When I shall go away ?

I would not wear this life away
In handling this poor pelf ;
How low and mean, from morn to night,
To think of only self !

I would not have this precious soul
Bound down to this vile earth;
It is a thousand millions more
Than all earth's treasure worth.

Did not Christ say 'twas very hard
For the rich to enter Heaven?
How freely would I part with all
To have my sins forgiven!

I really am a poor man now,
With all this boasted wealth:
My heart is over-run with care,
I have indifferent health.

The love of these gay friends around,
Depends on fleeting treasure,
I cannot think of love like that,
And feel the slightest pleasure.

Our Great Example chose to be
Most lowly in estate:
Could I not better follow Him,
If neither rich nor great?

I really wish I was right poor,
With just enough to live,
Or, with a little more than that,
With a little left to give.

I'd rather be right poor on earth,
As poor as poor can be,
If thus I only could reach heaven,
And my blessed Saviour see !



THE POOR MAN'S CONSOLATION.

“Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.”

If I am not rich, I surely am poor,
And what a great blessing is this !
I would not exchange sweet poverty
For all of the rich man's bliss.

The way to heaven is an upward way,
And when I travel that road,
I'm a poor weak man, and must go very slow
If I carry a heavy load.

The gate of heaven is not very wide,
 And if I would enter in,
 I must leave behind great swelling pride,
 And all of the rich man's sin.

The poor man's wealth is not on earth,
 To him the world's power is not given,
 But for him is a treasure that kings might
 crave,
 The glorious "Kingdom of Heaven!"

I'd rather lie covered with rags and sores,
 And beg at the rich man's gate,
 Than revel in purple and sumptuous fare,
 And be cursed with his dreadful fate.

For I know, I know, when the trumpet peals,
 For God hath told me so,
 That the rich and the poor, and all on earth
 To the judgment seat shall go.

And I would not have, for ten thousand worlds,
 Poor Dives' withering doom:
 "Remember" thou hadst all "thy good things"
 on earth,
 And now thou hast nothing but gloom.

No! give me the state of that rich poor man,
 Who had all "evil things" on the earth,
 But "was carried by angels" to "Abraham's"
 breast,
 And to treasures of priceless worth.

If any "good things" are in store for me,
 And poor sinner like me might choose,
 O God! let those good things be treasured above
 If all on this earth I should lose.

If the bright crown of glory I ever should wear
 That crown was all bought by the Cross:
 O may it be made of heaven's fine gold,
 Unmingled with this world's dross.

I would follow my Saviour in all things here,
 And never forget He was poor;
 O great King of Glory receive this poor man,
 When all trembling I knock at thy door!

Any place in the glorious kingdom above,
 If lowly or poor it could be,
 An angel's lost seat, or at Thy saints' feet,
 Would be welcome, most welcome, to me.

As there cannot be night where Christ is the
light,

So I could not be poor when He's near ;
Let me come to His presence, and gladly I'd
part

With all else that is precious and dear.

The vain pomp of power, the pleasures of sin,
Above all these I would rise ;

I would rather be humble and poor on the
earth,

And seek for my wealth in the skies.

When the poor rich men shall "weep and
howl,"

How the rich poor shall laugh and sing !

Oh ! let me have part in that music sweet

With which the poor's kingdom shall ring !

TO A POOR LITTLE GIRL

IN RAGS AND DIRT, THAT I FOUND IN THE STREET
ON MY RETURN FROM CHURCH, CRYING BITTERLY,
BUT REFUSING TO TELL THE CAUSE OF HER GRIEF,
OR TO RECEIVE ANY COMFORT.

“When my father and my mother forsake me, the
Lord taketh me up.”

Poor little sufferer! weep not so:
What can cause such dreadful woe?
Oh! let me see your wounded heart,
Do let me try to heal its smart!

With my own bosom bleeding, too,
How would I love to comfort you!
Do let me have the sweet relief
To soothe my little sister's grief.

Can you so soon be broken hearted?
Has all your joy so soon departed?
Can you not see, on this dark day,
One little bright and cheering ray?

Has your dear mother gone away,
And left you in the streets to stray?
Is that cross sister at your side
Now left to be your only guide?

Has father gone? and brother too?
Forever shut out from your view?
And little sufferer left to roam
Through the wide world without a home?

Is no one near to soothe your fears?
To check those gushing, scalding, tears?
When want and sickness reach the door,
Is no one there to help the poor?

Dear little sister! weep not so:
There is a cure for all your woe:
Now bid your bitter grief depart,
Take comfort to your troubled heart.

Think not that, of grief, the whole
Is centered in your little soul:
Thousands of hearts in silence ache,
Ten thousand hearts with sorrow break.

This gloomy world is not all dark,
Of heavenly light there's many a spark:
Your tender heart now filled with sorrow
May be all light and bright to-morrow.

Do you not know that Christ has died?
That Heaven's blest door is opened wide?
That you may enter that sweet place,
And see your Saviour's smiling face?

The kindest friends may soon be near
To take the place of mother dear,
Friends that will softly wipe your eyes,
And train you for the heavenly prize.

The love of Christ blends into one
All suffering hearts beneath the sun,
And gentle sisters, brothers true,
Will love and help and comfort you.

There is a Mother: Oh! how sweet!
To watch and guide your little feet:
Dear Mother Church: her arms how wide
To every child for whom Christ died?

Your Father dear who sits above,
 See, how He calls you to His love!
 When fathers, mothers, here forsake,
 He to His home in Heaven will take.

T O M A R Y .

THOU hast a sweet name,
 The Mother of God,
 And other dear women of old,
 Had never a better,
 And may you, like them,
 Our dear Saviour in glory behold!

A P R A Y E R .

FATHER above, to Thee I give
 The friend most dear near whom I'd live,
 But from whom I soon may stray
 Over the wide world far away,
 Or from whom I call'd may be
 To give my dread account to Thee:
 Oh! hear my fond heart's earnest cry
 That she may live and never die.

Thou the guide be to her feet,
Grant her peace and comfort sweet,
Give her friends where e'er she go,
Keep her safe from every foe:
Save her all the day from harm,
Guard her from the night's alarm;
Bid every shape of ill depart,
Drive every evil from her heart;
Make lovely innocence and truth
Her guard and counsellor from youth;
Cause her to pray with unceasing breath,
'Till her eye-lids close in death:
Then may angels robed in white
Illume her grave with heavenly light;
'Till thou receive her to the skies
Through the atoning sacrifice.

TO MY LITTLE SON,

WHEN LEAVING HOME FOR A SCHOOL IN THE
COUNTRY.

LITTLE Hobie, are you going ?

Going down to school ?

Keep your wits about you, boy,
And never break a rule.

Don't you let the other boys

Get up head and stay :

You can study hard and long
Just as well as they.

Rise up early in the morn,

While it's fresh and cool :

And learn some lessons, one or two,
Before your start for school.

Eat a hearty breakfast

Before your lengthy walk ;

And, as you go along the road,
You can play and talk.

But when you reach the school house door,
Leave talk and play behind,
And make it your endeavor then
To cultivate your mind.

It would make Jack a dull boy,
I have heard them say,
To be working all the time,
And never stop to play.

But to play the live-long day
And study not at all ;
I think that Jack could hardly
Into greater error fall.

You must love your Uncle, Aunt,
And all your cousins too ;
You'll hardly meet with better friends,
More loving, kind and true.

You must ever be obedient,
And kind, and friendly too ;
And then your teacher and the boys
Will all be good to you.

Don't ever turn your teacher out
To get a holiday ;
We used to try that game sometimes,
But it didn't often pay.

We thought we had him out, one time,
But he got inside, too :
And then we boys felt very small,
And didn't know what to do !

Your Uncle H——s went there once,
But I mustn't make him scold,
If I were just to tell you when,
You'd think him very old.

And your father also went
To the old free school ;
He tried to learn his lessons well,
And never break a rule.

May you ever be as studious
And get beyond the pale
Of the little country school house
To Trinity or Yale.

Your Uncle N. did try it, too,
But idled time away:
He didn't love his lessons much,
But was very good at play.

He is a wise professor now
In the college of the State;
I hope you 'll be as good as he,
If neither wise nor great.

Your Uncle B. was pretty smart,
With memory most rare;
And ever look'd into his books
With diligence and care.

Your Uncle C. he didn't believe
In straining his young mind,
But he was a pretty boy,
And dutiful and kind.

And now, my precious little boy,
I've written you many a verse,
Far more perhaps than you would be
Quite willing to rehearse.

But read them over now and then,
 And you'll therein find
 Some things to make you smile, and some
 To stimulate the mind.

You must not get too fond of school,
 Nor stay too long away :
 We all should love to see you here
 On happy Christmas Day.

If we all should be here then,
 We may meet with so much glee ;
 If God should call your father hence,
 He will your Father be.



TO THE SAME.

My dear little son, you are going away ;
 God grant that your footsteps may never stray
 From the path of duty, the path of bliss,
 The path to a world far better than this.

Your way through this world may be weary
and long,

Your trials most grievous, your foes very strong
But welcome all toil, and grief, and the rod,
If only they'll help you along to your God.

Your home is not here—may your home be
above

In the mansions of bliss and unspeakable love;
May you strive for that home by night and
by day,

And for it ne'er cease to watch and to pray.

The God of our fathers is seated on high,
And all that you do in this world will espy:
Then honour Him, love Him, and bend to
His will,

And He'll love you, and bless you, and com-
fort you still.

Our Saviour most dear, who died on the tree,
To buy the best blessings for you and for me;
How He longs even now that His sorrow and
pain,

For my dear little boy may not be in vain.

And "the Comforter" too, whom He sent from
above,
Still hovers around like a dear little dove;
Be careful, my child, both at work and at play,
And do nothing to drive that sweet Spirit
away.

An angel unseen attends at your side,
To counsel you, guard you, protect you, and
guide;
May your soul be as pure as its raiment of
white,
Your flight be as easy to regions of light!
When your bed of death comes, may an angel
be there,
To fan your faint spirit with heavenly air:
May your spirit then soar on a seraph's bright
wing,
To feast on the smiles of your Saviour and
King!

TO A LITTLE GIRL

WHO OPENS THE CHURCH DOORS AND WIN-
DOWS FOR DAILY MORNING AND EVENING
PRAYER.

“I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my
God.”

DEAR little girl, what a good work you do!
Who is more useful or pleasing than you?
What should we do, if you met us not there?
How should we enter our sweet House of
Prayer?

Shan't we think of, and pray for, the kind
little friend,

Who morning and evening, each day, does
attend

To bid us e'er welcome to treasures of love,
To admit us, through this, to the temple above?

Be assured that the work you are doing on
earth

Is meet for a child of a heavenly birth:

As you help us and cheer us along our dark
 way,
 May your own path be lighted to Heaven's
 brightest day.

Through the windows of heaven, as long as
 you live,
 May you get the rich blessings our Saviour
 can give,
 May the door be wide open whenever you die,
 That leads to the temple of glory on high.



TO A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE PICTURE
 CALLED "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."

OH! sweetest little angel,
 How good to look at thee!
 Thy face, thy wings, thy robes of white,
 How beautiful they be!

Thy face so full of peace and love,
 Thy wings outspread to fly
 Whenever mercy calls thee down,
 From thy blessed home on high.

Those emblems of sweet innocence,
Thy robes of spotless white,
Like vestments of God's ministers,
And of happy saints in light.

God's holy little messenger,
Creature of heavenly birth,
What could have brought thee down so low,
To our poor sinful earth?

To come so near to wicked men,
Say, wast thou not afraid,
Or hither hast thou, in thy flight
Of love and mercy, strayed?

Didst thou come down from heaven above
On an embassy of peace?
To bid the hating sons of men
To let all warfare cease?

Or hast thou come, with soft kind words,
To soothe the hearts of those
Who wildly toss on beds of pain,
And long for sweet repose?

To fan with thy wing's heavenly breeze
 Brows that with fever burn?
 To dry deep bitter tears for those
 Who never can return?

To wing thy way around the world
 Where pain and sorrow be,
 And give all mourners smiles for tears,
 And joy for misery?

Dear little angel, speed along,
 Thousands will welcome thee:
 And bid all those who suffer here
 To Christ their Saviour flee.

L I N E S

SENT WITH THE ABOVE PICTURE:

MY dearest little cousin,
 I send a gift to thee:
 I wish of real value
 It evermore might be.

An angel is a messenger
That cometh from above,
That bringeth down rich blessings
From the God of boundless love,

May thy little angel bring thee,
Whene'er he cometh down,
Every help that may be needful
To gain the precious crown.

An angel is a minister
To a sweet salvation's heir;
To hover o'er, to watch, and keep
With an unceasing care.

May it bring to thee the peace of God
All understanding past,
To soothe thee all life's troubled way,
And comfort thee at last.

An angel is a guard and guide
To receive the parting soul:
To guard it through the vale of death,
And guide it to its goal.

When thou comest to the bed of death,
 May an angel's wing be there,
 To fan thy fainting spirit
 With a balmy, heavenly air.

Then may thy spirit upward fly
 Borne on an angel's wing,
 To sing with angels and with saints,
 The praises of thy King.



"My lovers and friends hast Thou put away from me."
 Oh! gracious God, hast Thou put them away,
 And left me alone in sadness to stray?
 All those that loved me, and those that were
 kind,
 Have they gone far away, and left me behind?
 The sorrows of life are so grievous and long,
 Our path is so rough, our foes are so strong,
 That with all of the comfort our loved ones
 could give,
 Our joys are but faint—it is sadness to live,

But take these away, and what should we do?
 What! look all around, and find no one true!
 Who would wish in this world for one mo-
 ment to stay?

I would beg thee in mercy to take me away.

To lose but one friend most dear to the heart,
 How bitter the anguish! how pungent the
 smart!

Whether love has grown cold, or the less
 cruel grave

Takes away the best blessing the world ever
 gave:

But to lose all or many, and find them no more,
 'Till friends came to meet us at heaven's dis-
 tant door;

O merciful God! take away all my bliss,
 But crush not my spirit with sorrow like this.

But should Thy will be to deprive me of these,
 Yet may I not fail my dear Saviour to please;
 Be He my fast friend, and embrace me with
 love,

On earth, and in death, and in heaven above.

F A R E W E L L .

FAREWELL! Farewell,

That dull, tolling bell,

How heavy it falls on my heart!

Who can tell the deep sadness,

The end of earth's gladness,

When death calleth loved ones to part?

Farewell! farewell!

That dismal death-knell!

See how that slow hearse moves along;

How it carries away

From the light of earth's day

The hopes of that grief-stricken throng!

Farewell! farewell!

Oh! the broken love-spell,

Where hearts that once loved, love no more:
Where friends once most dear
Are now no more near,
Than if one had gone through death's door.

Farewell ! farewell !

Oh ! who could e'er tell

The sorrow that dwells in that word ?
Oh ! when shall we come
To that sweet, happy home,
Where sounds like these never are heard ?

Farewell ! farewell !

Oh ! with Jesus to dwell

Where friends never falter nor die !
Where hearts are not broken,
Nor sad words e'er spoken,
Oh ! how well shall we fare up on high !

G O O D - B Y E .

God be with you, dearest,
Wherever you may go,
By land or sea, by day or night,
In happiness or woe ;
In happiness, to be to you
The source of purest joy,
In woe, to cheer and lead you on
To bliss without alloy.

God be with you, dearest,
Whatever you may do,
To make you kind and gentle,
And meek, and pure, and true ;
To make your faith more steadfast,
Increase your hope and love,
And bear your struggling spirit up,
To the blessedness above.

TO THE READER.

FRIEND, though stranger, hast thou read me?

Read my book all through ?

You must be a patient reader,

Would I were like you.

If such patience I had had,

Far better I'd have been,

Many sorrows have avoided,

Much more joy have seen.

May you be as patient still,

Enduring to the end:

Then, with Christ and saints and angels,

Endless ages spend.

Chas. H. Smith

Waverly, Tenn

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 256 326 9